

BOZART and Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM and The Oracle

EDITED BY ERNEST HARTSOCK

ASSO. ED. BENJAMIN MUSSER



JULY-AUGUST
1930

BOX 67, STATION E, ATLANTA, GA.

BOZART and Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM and The Oracle

Edited by ERNEST HARTSOCK

ASSO. ED. BENJAMIN MUSSER

Published Six Times a Year by ERNEST HARTSOCK, THE BOZART
PRESS, at 427½ Moreland Ave., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

Editorial and Publication Address Box 67, Station E, Atlanta, Ga.

Copyright, 1930
By Ernest Hartsock

Vol. III	JULY-AUGUST, 1930	No. 6
----------	-------------------	-------

A BLINDFOLD TEST, <i>Editorial</i>	2
SONNETS FOR A DEAD POET, <i>Anderson M. Scruggs</i>	3
THOMAS KING, <i>Robert P. Tristram Coffin</i>	4
SONNETS FOR 1930, <i>Mildred Plew Merryman</i>	5
CROSS CUT, <i>Isaac Benjamin</i>	5
HECTOR IN EVENING CLOTHES, <i>Jacob Kainen</i>	6
CIRCUIT RIDER, <i>Leslie Dykstra</i>	7
MOTHER OF A POET, <i>Kathleen Sutton</i>	7
COUNTRY TO BE TRAVELED, <i>Albert Edward Clements</i>	8
FAREWELL TO A HERO, <i>Arthur M. Saxe</i>	9
YOUNG MINISTER, <i>Queene B. Lister</i>	9
TWO PORTRAITS, <i>Ernest Hartsock</i>	10
PALIMPSEST, <i>William Griffith</i>	12
DEFENSES, <i>Lucile Enlow</i>	13
PRE-REVIEW PLEA, <i>Louise Owen</i>	13
LEAF MOULD, <i>Walter Rivers</i>	14
PRECAUTION, <i>Waldeen H. White</i>	14
GOSSIP ON PARNASSUS, <i>Reviews</i>	17
<i>Notes on Contributors, Awards</i>	21



BLINDFOLD TESTS FOR CRITICS:
FOUR OUT OF FIVE HAVE IT



With each succeeding year the critical situation in New York becomes more confusing and less heartening. The few elect prestidigitators of reputation feed the maw-crammed public with a menu of pre-digested pap. Everybody quotes everybody else. There is a general handshaking, back-patting, bootlicking, and the literary scene starts its cyclic gyration again.

William Lyon Phelps calls a new book "simply ripping" and is quoted all over the jacket; the Van Dorens go into a huddle and give birth to a few dozen adjectives; Harry Elmer Barnes, D. F. Calverton, Sherwood Anderson, and the score of other front page literary names go about being criminally quotable in many a good advertisement. Ballyhoo never ceases.

The patent medicine method of selling books is fast gaining headway in all our best circles—witness the pages of testimonials in the rear of the Book League Monthly. They sound as intelligent for the most part as the publicity-seeking users of remedies for "female troubles" and "nervous debility." They are invariably of the type—"I have read *Hearts and Sours* with swooning pleasure; after the first application, I felt like two other fellows. Please send me two more bottles. I enclose my tin-types, before and after taking."

"This is the great book about the war!" One a day. Ladies first.

What happens in New York? Either one is a friend of the editor and rates a front page display full of random observations by a college professor as Frank Ernest Hill's Chaucer translations recently did, or one lives in Macon, Georgia, and can't get a book of verse issued though it be great as Shelley's, because the "lists are full." As good a poet as Mr. Hill undoubtedly is, and as good a poet as Chaucer undoubtedly was, we find Mr. Hill's rendition of Chaucer archaic and uninspired. The book got column after column in the *New York Times Book-Review*. E. J. Pratt's *Roosevelt and the Antinoe* which we took for a ride in our last issue, received general acclamation in the *New York Herald-Tribune's Books* and elsewhere. We challenge any critical review to select a jury of three disinterested established poets to pass upon the merits of this book as poetry.

From time to time *Bozart and Contemporary Verse* has been criticized for its policy of confining all book reviews to the editor's personal attention. At the end of our third year, with this issue, we desire to suggest to our critics that the policy of having one person responsible for all critical opinions expressed in a magazine, seems to us highly valuable, inasmuch as by this procedure consistency of outlook is maintained and economy of diction is promoted.

The editor wishes to express himself upon at least one other topic connected with reviewing, and to state that he is at no time in favor of unsigned reviews such as appear in many of the leading critical journals. If a review means anything at all, it means the integrity of

its writer. If its writer is hidden under the hack-mask of anonymity, the review is of utterly no value. It is merely bribed publicity.

There are entirely too many uneducated and traditional minds among the editors and followers of the large magazines in the East, to give much importance to many of the reviews appearing there. There are too many personal prejudices and soft-soaping handouts among the "notable names" which dominate the literary scene. *Bozart and Contemporary Verse* desires to maintain, based upon an unprejudiced and fair estimate, a critical attitude untainted by ballyhoo and bombast, and kind as justice alone is kind.

SONNETS FOR A DEAD POET

More than a hundred years ago he came
To light with beauty all the paths of men,
But there was none to glorify his name,
And none could even guess his greatness then.
Not even she who plucked him from the night—
From whose warm heart he drew his golden
store—

Could catch within his limpid eyes the bright
Beauty that was to burn forevermore.

And none could understand the rebel youth
Who, wedded to his dreams, forsook the task
Of common labor for the search of truth,
And there was none to look beyond the mask
That hides a poet's heart—no eyes to see,
No soul to sense his immortality.

What joy to think of him in later years,
When the swift fire of beauty seized his heart,
And words began to flash like silver spears
From out the bastions of his deathless art!
How the world honors them—the little band
Who caught the pulse of ages in his song,
When those with ears too dull to understand
Strove to subdue him with the critic's thong!

O, what if they had known—the carping pack
Eager to rob him of his spirit's bread
And hold his soul forever on the wrack—
That glory was to crown at last his head?—
That those same songs like blossoms would be
blown
In fragrance down the years—what, had they
known?

—ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS.

THOMAS KING

Thomas King was built to be
At home in his white place,
A farmhouse wide as charity
With columns at its face.

Six-foot-three, his body made
Hard work seem a psalm;
He could sweat from dew to dew
And keep his forehead calm.

He liked straight furrows and clean panes
And lofty talk at night,
Weedless corn and pride to lift
The shoulders square and right.

The son whom Thomas King begot
Let the ploughing go,
Took the easy way and wooed
The lowest of the low.

He brought his wife home with one dress
And that upon her back;
Everything her fingers touched
Lay orderless and slack.

Thomas saw the wife he loved
Grow smaller in her mind
Till bed and board were all the world
That she could seem to find.

Thomas grew to love his barn,
The fragrance of its mows;
He took a longer time to do
The milking of his cows.

One splendid morning winged with frost,
Before the cows were fed,
Thomas King went to his barn
And blew off his fine head.

—ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

SONNETS FOR 1930

VISITOR'S DAY AT CHARLOTTENBURG

A cold rain shakes its silver through the trees;
The lindens wear a ghostly coat of mail;
Sleep deeply in your garden, Queen Louise,
For sadness wraps your castle like a veil.
A guide swings back the heavy carven doors—
Sleep deeply, Queen Louise, within your tomb
The while our rubbers cuff your parqueted floors,
Our greedy glances drag from room to room.
Entranced, agog, we ogle our delight
Nor pause to glimpse the weeping at the pane;
But Wilson and democracy despite,
Perchance, Louise, it was not wholly gain,

When kings and queens went out the door like
vassals
And tourists took to promenading castles.

QUESTION

Along the shaded lanes of Ypsilanti
Francesca never walks with Paolo;
In place of Béatrice and her Dante
We've only Hattie Smith and Johnny Doe.
Then is romance, alas, no longer spinning
The lovely webs she wove for yesteryear;
Did all the gorgeous gold and purple sinning
Go out with Lancelot and Guinevere?
Or will some future lyrist, our descendant,
When time has gone to lap tomorrow's shoals,
Espy us in the distance, mute, resplendant,
In rainbow-tinted robes and aureoles,

Invoke his Muse and dedicate a myth
To the love of Johnny Doe and Hattie Smith?

—MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN.

CROSS CUT

"Vanity, yea vanity,"

The preacher murmurs to his flock;
But when a fair lamb comes to tea
Just find a wrinkle in his smock!

—ISAAC BENJAMIN.

HECTOR IN EVENING CLOTHES

She moves across the carpet like a vertical snake.
The ophidian eyes

Salivate subtle virus in her veins.

The heart, hydraulic,
Pumps rhythmic flame.

For Hector is virgin,

And so she seems invested in such guise.

He finds it hard to steer his neural reins.

His viscera is an ocean glutted rock,

Where the waves of his psychose gurge in,

Confronting the piano she tinkles some lachrymose
Mendelssohn,

Swaying dolorously, eyebrows poignantly arched,

Her mouth slightly open, drinking the music's
elixir. . . .

Hector sits on a chair with his collar starched.

On the clean wall burns a color print, and she
rises and gazes—

Millet's "Angelus," unknown until an enterprising
American manufacturer,

In desperation, renamed "Burying the Baby," and
sold by the millions.

She gazes with a profile Desiderio would have
loved:

Eyes like young grapes, and the tenuous mouth,
Upper lip overlapping, and the loose nether lip—
The eager oval of her face.

"Lovely," she says liquidly, and it waters his soul's
drouth.

He pours it in the goblet of his memory,
And from time to time he takes a sip.

The enormous wheels of dark longing
Crush Hector in their mighty mechanism.

The smooth fingers of the insidious sensorium
Clutch at her windpipe like a madman in a dark
room.

They yearn inwardly like children looking in a
confectionery window.

Invisible gyral of tenseness circumswoop insinu-
ously,

Aureoling the other in brilliant gloom.

Like a lithe panther, flexuous and lean,

In stealthy forests, devious and dim,

The panic of the terrible unseen

Pulps pleasant the silent interim.
Her gloved hand Hector holds with a sensed
thwart.
"Good night," she says, and so the good friends
part.
"A pleasant, perfect gentleman," thinks she.
He thinks, "A lady of gentility."

—JACOB KAINEN.

CIRCUIT RIDER

He used to lope his pony on the plains
Companioned by the wind and cloud and sun,
With duty pulling gently on the reins.
Beneath the tranquil stars, when day was done,
His fears would slink like kiotes far away,
At last to vanish on the prairie rim;
And he would sleep, forgetting first to pray
Out where the wilderness was cradling him.

But when he made his calls from fort to fort,
The Wrath descended, scorching all therein;
With clenched hands fighting air he must exhort
As if he saw again his "mortal sin"
Writ on the log walls like a glowing vision—
A woman—smiling back with faint derision.

—LESLIE DYKSTRA.

MOTHER OF A POET

Proudly she greets her friends, yet modestly,
Lest they should find her boring or too vain,
She never tells how he has grown to be
Her passion. No melodious refrain
Of his or cameo thought will she repeat,
But chats of baking and the day's work done;
Yet ever on her lips, in shy conceit,
Tremble the cherished words: my son, *my son*.

How often in his eyes, so like her own,
She has tried to read the secret. What strange
power
Had she bequeathed him while in the warm clasp
Of her womb he formed and quickened? Flesh
and bone
Of hers. Then could it be, in that dark hour
He had found this dream that she had failed to
grasp?

—KATHLEEN SUTTON.

COUNTRY TO BE TRAVELED

As one opens his mouth and shuts his eyes at the
precipice of beauty being born,
Or as one raises his hands to let the palms be salted
with the tart tingle of rain,
I did these things when I looked at her;
When I watched the way she ran
And the way her legs and arms took wind and
space
For a new lover and a country to be traveled.

She was at the age when a girl is a girl and a
child,
When the river of adolescence showers her cine-
matic eyes
With the promise of a body to be savored
And a soul to be seasoned to the point of inebria-
tion.

"Kerice! Kerice!" Someone was calling from the
road.

At the sound her eyes became two cups of fog,
Her firm little breasts became the petals of night
And her hands reached for the lucid instant
Of that interval when love promises that nothing
matters.

"Where are you going?" I asked. "The road is
the same
Here and up above. Adn your lips say things
And do things no matter where they are."

"I am going to be one with the one I love.
For he is a star in my heart.
I am going to the one who is the tingling
In my blood and the catch at my throat."

"And what will you learn there? What will you
say
That is different from what you are saying to me?
What will you do that is less lovely
Than your running and the lace of your eyes and
hair in the wind?"

"I am going to be one with the one I love.
I want his eyes to be my eyes and his breath to be
my heart.
Earth is a song and my blood taught me about it.
Earth said this: Love is the cause of the heart and
the sleep of the lovelier than lovely."

Like a breath of air lost in a vacuum
She was gone, and I was left alone
With too much of the color of wondering.
—ALBERT EDWARD CLEMENTS.

FAREWELL TO A HERO

Look not back to pity me,
Tatter-souled and small;
Walk your paths I cannot see,
You who are so tall.
It is fitting you should know
I am not afraid,
I who always had to walk,
Shivering in your shade.
—ARTHUR M. SAXE.

YOUNG MINISTER

He went to Sea with God—
Far to Sea on a thought.
And God said intimate things
That no other God had taught. . . .

"If you pinch a cloud," he smiled,
"Or nibble a corner of wind,—"
God's eyes were crinkly blue and gray,
"You'll know how much you've sinned. . . ."

"If you compass the flight of a gull,
South—by the cry of your heart,"
They walked the deck together,
"You'll forget to 'preach' when you start."

God grinned at the Turquoise Waters
And waved at the cool salt spray.
A wind-beam ruffled God's hair,
"Gad! Lad! . . . It's a whoopee day!"

He went to Sea with God—
Far to Sea on a thought.
And God said intimate things
That . . . he'd "preach" if he thought
He . . . ought . . .
—QUEENE B. LISTER.

Two Portraits

AUTO-EROTIC

He was a solitary child
And adolescence did not change
His look of dreaming undefiled,
His manner that was more than strange;
And manhood could not quite destroy
His air of Galahad and boy.

Pavilioned with solicitude
He could not learn the strength of men:
He was her dear and sheltered brood,
The lone chick tender to the hen.
She clucked about him where he went
And spread her wings of sentiment.

When she had nursed him overlong
Efficiently she wooed his wife,
But she whose will was never wrong
Was ultimately balked by life:
*She never knew what made him slay
Himself upon his wedding day.*

VOX POPULI

He lets no chance escape to make a speech
And spread his frown across the tabloid papers;
When murder lags, he jumps to fill the breach
And probes a probe with epileptic capers.
His hands wax eloquent—in people's pockets;
His eyes flame brightly—seeing distant dollars;
His lips are verbal torches, spouting rockets
That wilt his snoring enemies—and collars.

Tariff and prohibition in a bag,
He's Caesar and the Gracchi rolled in one:
He starts the wars by yelling "Fight!" and "Flag!"
Then in his role deserts Napoleon
And aping Nero, big with unconcern,
He fiddles while ten thousand cities burn!
—ERNEST HARTSOCK.



AUTO-EROTIC
Decoration by Herbert Daugherty

PALIMPSEST

POST AUTOLYCUS

I, on whom the sleep of Adam lately fell,
Bringing me face to face with Nature,
Envisage power in beauty,
And saw,
Starkly revealed,
Even the ribs of roses;
Counting them curiously
To discover which one had been taken
To seed another garden.

Observing a lotus in the shadow of an obelisk
Grotesquely adorning a new world playground,
Suddenly the immense potentiality of temporary
skeletons
Was manifested—and, in my fancy,
Arousing idle cemeteries,
Nature resumed a noble work:
Empires became republics
Such as were once previsioned,
With kings as messengers;
And those who labored struggled in a dream.

Clairvoyantly
Appeared pale Presidents
Persuading politicians
In a rich earth which, by a quaint decree,
Poets, soever lowly, would inherit.

Ambition began trailing
Like the shadow of a young man running from
the past
In quest of future glory,
Desiring heaven nor yet deploring hell.
Pending a mighty period,
Other teasing divinations were interrupted
By the sudden astounding realization of death in
life,
Shaking the tall trees that support the sky,
Nolens volens!
And presently,
Filling the air,
Green leaves were seen falling upon a dusty
grave. . . .

Under the stone
Are Lazarean preparations being made
By the sleepers,
Striving to challenge
The oncoming conquering heart of youth in the
world.

Yea,
In the shadow of a cypress drooping
Remains a ghostly Golgotha
Rumorous of victory and retreat,
In the enormous cause of maintaining any per-
fection.

—WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

DEFENSES

Perhaps the peacock has a humble heart:
Then pity him, unhappy bird! Who must
Trail yards of silky splendor in the dust
Or rescue it therefrom. The counterpart
Of dignified magnificence he seems
Flaunting superior rainbows to the sun,
But possibly he would prefer to run
Like any giddy rosotter, and his screams
Are protests. Naturally we fly our banners,
Careless as the twinkle of a star:
All we seem and ought to be and are
Combine to complicate our choice of manners.
Laugh and call the lordly peacock proud:
Would you carry beauty like a shroud?

—LUCILE ENLOW.

PRE-REVIEW PLEA

Call me agnostic, atheist,
Or merely Doubting Thomas,
But don't include me in the list
That Shows Much Promise!

Say that my verse is full of joy,
Or fun or wit, or grief;
Say that its gold is half alloy—
But don't say Slender Sheaf!

Call them monotonous and dull,
Ephemeral, weak and flimsy;
But oh, by all that's critical,
Don't call them Full Of Whimsy!

—LOUISE OWEN.

LEAF MOULD

Like to his laughter
Solid and plain,
The sound of leaves
In showers of rain.

Sky for his flagon
Earth for his bread;—
Melt him in meadows
Now he is dead.

Sea was his sorrow,
Sun was his joy;
Earth will embrace him—
Earth-bitten boy.

Sing of his soul not,
Soil was his soul,
Earth was his highway,
Earth was his goal.

Lower him silently—
Loam unto loam—
Here he was wanderer,
Here he is home.

Take for his memory
Matter, and mix
In his biography
Stubble and sticks.

—WALTER RIVERS.

PRECAUTION

Pitched on the highroad
The red caravan—

Look to your poultry,
Your pot and your pan!
In with the latch string,
Quick with the key,
Shutter a window
A gypsy may see!

So in my house I
Keep from my kin:
Some shut a gypsy out—
I shut her in!

—WALDEEN H. WHITE.

GOSSIP ON PARNASSUS

Wasn't an established N. Y. publisher unnecessarily brutal to a budding rival in "crazy Quilt" of *June Poetry World*?—An ungrammatical ex-U. S. Vice-Presidential candidate wrote me a scathing screed after he had "read with chronic ennui" my "prosaic hemorrhage" in same *P. W.*, and he closed with belief that "both Mrs. West and myself will be remembered by Posterity, long after you, and your [blot] criticisms (noted for lack of constructiveness) are forgotten." the "myself" of this letter has the hearty endorsement of Rebel Poets as proposed Poet Laureate of Maryland.—In the fall *Morada* will be enlarged, a trilingual magazine (German, English, French), proletarian bias, using poetry and prose stressing experimental techniques, and will be published in Munich by Donal MacKenzie, with Norman Macleod and MacKenzie as editors. For the present the address remains 220 N. Maple St., Albuquerque, N. M.—Albert Edward Clements (Box 374, Hudson, N. Y.) is looking for a gratis-cum-bonus publisher for his book of poems. Line forms on the right. I have read the complete MSS. and they are fine.


Dorothy Garesché, Poetry Ed. of *St. Louis Town Topics* (Planters Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.) is compiling *The Second Book of American Verse*, the first having been so well received. No admission charge for poets, but only poets admitted.—Robert Haven Schauffler is completing material for *The Junior Poetry Cure*, to be pub. by Dodd, Mead in October. Three poems from *Japm*-before-the-merger are to be included, by Robert Gates, Paul Engle and J. P. Zimmerman.—Henry Harrison has sent out his last call for pomes for 1930 *Grub St. Book of Verse*. Usual conditions. By the way, Henry is now in "larger quarters" at 27 East 7th St., N. Y. C.—A deliciously naughty book is being planned by the poet Nat Henry (Glicksman), 763 E. 158th St., N. Y. C. It is to be an anthology of poetica erotica, "those beloved stepchildren disowned by the publications and doomed to languish in notebooks." Contributions need not be great poetry but must be enjoyable verse, either slightly ribald or more subtle, tart but restrained from the objectionable by saving qualities of humor, wit and tenderness; poems will be signed, initialed or anonymous according to blushing preference. Absolutely no charge for space.—*Symphonies*, an anthology of modern verse is being compiled by Literary Publications, Alan Frederick Pater, Mng. Director, 580 Fifth Ave. (Suite 1010), N. Y. City. Write him for details. Lit. Pubs. also plans to publish, without cost to poet, one book of distinctive verse each month. Mr. Pater is editor of the new monthly, *The Poet and the Critic*, same address.

Poetry Week becomes increasingly important each year under the guidance of its founder-organizer, Miss Anita Browne, who outdid herself in the fourth annual observance, May 18-25. My wee share was to dine, and read, with others at the Art Alliance, Philadelphia, under chairmanship of beautiful Angela Morgan, with Nancy Byrd Turner as guest of honor. Miss Morgan was chosen by N. Y. State Federation of Women's Clubs as outstanding woman poet of 1930.—Conrad

Aiken is the new Pulitzer poetry pet, his *Selected Poems* having won the how-many-ducats-is-it?—The May 14th dinner at the Brevoort, New York, in honor of Jessie Rittenhouse and Clinton Scollard, was typical of the Poetry Soc. of America.—W. Ellen Donahoe, Leadership Training Asst. of the Internat. Council of Religious Education (what a title, even abbreviated!), 203 N. Wabash, Chicago, is using Lloyd Frank Merrell's "To a Lake at Dusk," from 1928 *Cont. Verse*, in the society's Lake Geneva publicity.—Anne Kelledy Gilbert and I were the judges in the anonymous poem contest of the L. A. P. W. during the Pen Women's nat. convention at the Willard, Washington. First, second and third prizes went, respectively, to Anne Lloyd, Audrey Wurdemann and Ada Borden Stevens.—Edward Davison, Jacques LeClercq and H. Phelps Putnam have been awarded Guggenheim scholarships for study and creative work abroad.—Who said there are no big poets in England? Stanley Chandler of 6, Priory St., London N. W. 1, is 7 ft. plus.—Ch. Henri Ford of *Blues* was my very pleasant house guest in June. Henry Harrison has also asked to be invited.—Joseph Auslander gets the lucky breaks. Doubleday, Doran & Co. sent him to Norway and thence to Italy, to write a new kind of travel book on Europe, the trail of the poets since Homer in those places that by romantic associations or residence have called forth great poems. Joe is finishing his MS. in Justinian's tower on the Adriatic, and will return to 'Merica in August.—Barbara Frost of Stokes Co. wonders how many people know that Poe sold "The Raven" for \$10 and that the MS. is now valued at, hold your breath, \$200,000. The inference being, obviously, that a poem nowadays being sold for a free copy of the mag will one day be worth half a mile of periodicals.—Latest additions hanged in my Rogues' Gallery include Samuel Heller (who will have a book out soon, look for it), two of Lexie Dean "Peggy" Robertson and four of Nat Henry, Nat looking like Samson Agonistes as he swings his brothers overhead. Think of a poet being able to support two adults—at arm's length!


Kaleidoscope (Dallas, Texas) in June sprouted a dignified new cover and the appearance of the mag throughout is delightful.—Harry Bristol Williams has started a poetry section in *Whip and Spur* and I understand has given me an honorary title on the staff. Send MSS. to Harry's home address 5972 Clemens Ave., St. Louis, Mo.—Theodor Sitea is editor of a new one called *Earth: A Midwestern Expression*, Wheaton, Illinois. They pay for MSS., they say, "on occasion," and very occasionally at that, so we hear. An item elsewhere gives the editor's address as 3472 Mich. Ave., E. Chicago, Indiana. Take your choice.—Still another new mag is *The Poet*, Elihu Eliot Harris, Ed., 22 E. 12th St., Cincinnati, Ohio. "Our pay, though small, is prompt."—Finally, Dick Chace will be agoranome or editor of *The Agora*, prose and poetry of unrestricted scope, with a strong business and circulation staff. Send some of your very good things to Richard A. Chace, Box 801, Chapel Hill, N. C.

—ATTICUS MUS.



PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

By ERNEST HARTSOCK



The Bridge, by Hart Crane (Horace Liveright, New York. \$2.50).

"My hand in yours—Walt Whitman," cries apocalyptic Crane, singing hectic hosannas to the history that is America in his own consciousness. With language that is a lash and a sting and a goad, he flagellates the flesh after ultimate reality of impression. But though he holds hands with fire, he has not the flame in his grasp. . . . Hart Crane is a brilliant poet with an intense and often rhapsodic style; yet his philosophy, so far as we are able to determine from the train of consciousness in *The Bridge* arrives at no justification. With somewhat confusing marginalia similar to those of Archibald MacLeish, this poet attempts to convey by direct emotional contact a metaphysical concept both exquisitely abstruse and personally involved. At its best, such poetry is probably too condensedly recondite to have any wide acceptance, and too narrow in its implications to entitle its author to permanent fame. Hart Crane possesses the technique and the intellect of heroic poetry, but seems perhaps hyper-psychological and without that strong individual philosophic conviction which prevents a long poem from lapsing into episodic and amorphous grandiloquence.

The Bird-Lovers' Anthology, Edited by Clinton Scollard and Jessie Ritzenhouse (Houghton Mifflin, Boston. \$2.00).

It is generally a waste of time to complain about specific inclusions or omissions in an anthology; one must take the collection as a whole, for what it seems to be worth. Yet a collection may be said to have, on the whole, certain faults and certain virtues, sometimes the faults and virtues of poets in general rather than those occasioned by the tastes of the compilers. A volume such as this, intended for popular consumption, must necessarily be highly catholic and slightly conservative. This book is both. . . . It is interesting to note in passing the sections of the anthology in which the most poems are included—and *larks* vie with *wild geese* for the mass production honors. Oddly enough some of the worst poems in the book are about wild geese (which are always "wedges" and rhyme "crying" and "flying," see Pp. 186-7) and the much-maligned skylark (witness James Hogg's "over the cloud-let dim" "dewy wing," "fountain sheen" on P. 55). It's entirely too easy to write and sell poems about "gulls" and "nightingales." Some thing ought to be done about it!

Released, by Anne Blackwell Payne (Univ. of N. C. Press, Chapel Hill. \$1.50).

Like most of the other charming ladies who are writing verse in the South this North Carolina poet, now living in New York, follows the lyric tradition. Her technique is adequate and her effects have the value of simple charm in the description of rather uncomplex emotions. Her subject matter is generally limited to love and nature, with the customary quota of apostrophes to Spring. Among the most pleasant lyrics are "To a Wood Thrush" and "Frost," but both of these are merely deft expressions of slight sentiment. Even in the sonnets which are at times illuminated with a wistful grimace reminiscent of Miss Millay, there is insufficient substance. This is the dilemma of Southern lyricists—a technical skull and a talent with words, but no virility—graceful gestures without sternness or strength.

Virtuosa, by Louise Owen (Yale Univ. Press, New Haven. \$1.25).

The first book of Louise Owen (contributor to *Bozart*, *Japm*, and *Contemporary Verse*) is frankly experimental and in some instances tentative. Making use of uncapitalized free verse, traditional sonnets, analyzed rhyme, and other contrasting devices, Miss Owen proves her absorption with the perfecting of a medium of expression, rather than any obsession, as yet, with content. Her subject matter is highly heterogeneous, though much of it centers about her New England landscape. Her diction is generally precise with a slight suggestion at times of Robert Frost and the granite spirit of Mark Van Doren's rustic verse. Despite the objections of the author, we must classify her as a poet of active and sensitive vocabulary, whose future success depends upon finding her field and ploughing it deep.

After-Walker, the poems of Leonard Cline (Viking Press, New York. \$2.00).

As in the ghastly shelf of his novels, so in the collected sheaf of his poems Leonard Cline indicates that in his premature death the world has been cheated of a first-rate romancer. There is in these verses something of the whimsically simple and grotesque influence of Medieval balladry; something of that eerie radiance which characterizes Poe's lighter poems. Such sketches as "Haunted House" with its weird approach and appearance of ingenuous oddity, and the moving ache of the apology about Bach, indicate Cline's gift. He wrote, with ease and a quaint originality, skits which, if not distinguished, are fanciful and fascinating as Gargoyles.

Newry, by John R. Moreland (Jas. T. White, New York. \$1.50).

Appealing to a wide audience of lovers of the sea in its lyric moods and of lovers of all things fragile and wistful, Moreland finds a broad hearing for his books of verse. At his best he writes with grace and fluid compactness about small emotions. At his worst he sometimes overdoes the cameo of emotion, and blurs it with an undeserved moisture, which Caroline Giltinan blurbs—"The voice with a tear in it." When the tear is restrained like a spark and a broken flame in the

throat it is legitimate; but when it descends to concluding a poem with such a line as "And brings the tears to me," one feels like God-save-the-Irish. The few longer poems and some of the dialect verses are the chief offenders, the dialect being often inaccurate in transcription, with such inconsistencies as "death" and "truf" in the same poem, and "shac'" for its identical "shack". . . . The lapses are, however, by no means sufficient to condemn a book which contains such charming pieces as "The Lyric" or "The Clock Maker," which are uttered with the nicety of a Chopin Ballade.

Deep South, by Carl Carmer (Farrar & Rinehart, New York. \$2.00).

Dropping his reticence like a ton of pig-iron, John Farrar comes right out and says that this book is the biggest thing since "North of Boston," which is a highly optimistic assertion for even the impresario to enunciate on the dust-jacket to his own progeny. . . . Either Mr. Farrar doesn't think so much of Robert Frost or he thinks too much of Mr. Carmer, whose talents are scarcely epic in their proportions, though they have their virtues, consisting of diligence and narrative realism. But the medium of expression selected by Mr. Carmer, lacks both authenticity and poetic ripeness. The characters describe hill-billy anecdotes of varying degrees of dramatic significance, in the parlance, for the most part, of small-town bourgeois shopkeepers. And while the events described have the air of actuality and the stories are interesting so far as they go, the poems lack climax and psychological clarity. Perhaps the two best poems are the two sonnets "Testimony" and "Baptizin'," to which the ornament of rhyme adds finesse lacking in the stories of ghost-pigs and headless horsemen, saints-on-broomsticks and Ku Klux Klans.

A Magic World, Compiled by Margery Gordon and Marie B. King (D. Appleton, New York).

What should be a workable and instructive anthology of verse for young students to study in the public schools has been collected in this volume. The modernist outlook, and the knowledge of what aspects of verse should appeal to children legitimately, combine to indicate that the compilers bring both experience and taste to their task. And even if some of the verses included have not so much real poetry to recommend them, they are in general stimulating and not especially sentimental—an unusual recommendation for inclusions in a textbook. The questions appended to the poems, to aid in study, reflect a necessarily didactic urge, and perhaps give too little emphasis to the imagery of the verses; but they are, perhaps, adequate to bring out the actual facts concerned in the poems. All in all, the book is a step in the right direction, an upward handclasp for the bairns of Babbitt.

Copy, 1930, Introduction by Glen H. Mullin (D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.00).

The annual literary output of Columbia University's courses in creative writing for the year totals well over three hundred pages,

filled with stories, plays, poems, and articles. On the whole we found the poems about the weakest section of the volume, though the redoubtable Joseph Auslander had a finger in the pie of selection. He evidently failed to extract a plum. . . . "Retreat" by Dorothy Belle Flanagan and "Birds" by Florida Watts Smyth (reprinted from *Japm*) are interesting, but scarcely distinguished poems. The other verses are enervated locutions. Oddly enough, there is an essay included entitled "High School Poets," wherein Nellie B. Sargent quotes specimen verses by students in various secondary institutions over the country to indicate the quality of work being done in the creative writing courses. These high school poems are for the most part, head and shoulders above the verse from Columbia University graduate students!

Copra and Pearl, by Frederick James Hill (Richard Badger, Boston).

Versified excursions among the inhabitants of Fiji, Haiti, Tahiti, Mexico, Cuba, and elsewhere, illuminated with grotesque illustrations, comprise this book of rhymes and near-rhymes. There really is material for poetry cropping up through the strata of slag and sand, but technique is weak though the spirit be willing.

Pittsburg College Verse, 1924-30, edited by Margaret E. Haughawout (Privately Printed).

The customary yearnings and moon madnnesses, heartbreaks and futilities of youthful efforts adorn the pages of this anthology of verse written by students at Kansas State Teachers' College. John E. Reinecke stands out as the only authentic voice heard in the chorus of graceful but thin minor voices; Harold Kelley, Elsie Mitchell, and several others in the group show a promising tendency to write with direction and craft. But the general run of inclusions seems diluted and romantically nebulous. The poems need reality and substantial gist; they need, like most minor poetry of our day, to escape the probing of lyric introspection and express simply, directly, and imaginatively the fire of character and the flavor of earth. Luck to them! *The Rollins Book of Verse*, edited by Jessie Rittenhouse (Angel Alley Press, Winter Park, Fla.)

Another compilation of verse by students in creative writing courses, this anthology of verse from Rollins College, that unique and courageous experiment in educational adjustment, presents a group of adequately schooled versifiers, and some actual poets. The majority of the work represented here has several very real virtues; it is lyrically restrained, musically balanced, and without obvious sentimentality. Some of the verse lacks clarity, and some of it is loosely impressionistic; but such young hopefuls as Dorothy Emerson, Marlise Johnston, Wallace Goldsmith, and Elsie Padgett give evidence of a right start on the Royal Road.

Strange Splendor, a new volume of verse by Ernest Hartsock will be issued in the early autumn by the Bozart Press.